



Journal of Music,

and

MUSICAL VISITOR.

Vol. 4. \$1 50 cts. in advance.

BOSTON, MAY 13, 1845.

New Series, No. 10.

Terms to Vol. Four.

ONE DOLLAR FIFTY CENTS per annum,—twenty-four numbers,—to single subscribers.

Three copies to Postmasters and Clergymen, for 2 dollars.

Current money in any State or Territory, will be taken in payment. TERMS IN ADVANCE.

Communications directed to H. W. DAY, to whom all monies from Agents and others must be sent—Post Paid.

24 Numbers for \$1.50.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.

For one insertion, one square or less, \$1. One column \$3. For a second insertion half the above prices.

YEARLY ADVERTISEMENTS for one square or less \$10. Payment for transient advertisements in advance.

Education.

Education in New York state is evidently advancing at a rapid rate. We obtain a number of items from the Common School Journal.

FOURTH OF JULY. Celebrations of the Fourth of July, by the Common Schools are strongly recommended. A suggestion of the kind is very appropriate, and we hope it will be carried into effect in other States.

RUSTY SCHOOL-MASTERS. Teachers of Common Schools are liable to become rusty from the narrow circle of ideas which they are required to teach to children. They should struggle against such a tendency by enriching their minds with solid science.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, at Albany. There are from the different counties now 174 pupils in attendance. From one to eleven from each county. We need a Musical College to qualify Music Teachers and Choristers. We have lately commenced what may ultimately grow into something of the kind.

Government of Schools.

On this subject, much has been said. Some strongly advocate the use of the rod, and others strongly reject it. To make the fear of pain a governing, or the governing principle, would be tyranny. To determine on a banishment of the rod (for the fools back) from the family and School, is at variance with Scripture, and it seems to us with common sense. In our opinion altogether too much is said about using the rod, and about throwing it away. More should be said on the means and manner of mild government, of which we are strongly in favor. Having had the management of thousands of children, we have yet for the first time to use the rod;—and yet, if we were now to go into a school, it would be with the determination not to use the rod, but to secure obedience even at the expense of pain. A person is not at all fit to go into a school as a teacher, unless he first ardently and sincerely loves children. And this any one can do if he is any part of a philosopher. Literary qualifications come next. The patience of Job, meekness of Moses, wisdom of

Solomon, and intrepidity of Peter, and firmness of Abraham, will not banish the rod, but render it, like some words, nearly obsolete.—If the teacher has not all that these men had, as the same Fountain from which they drew is so abundant and ready at hand, let him go there and get his little cistern full.—We know, surely of nothing better.

But, this is not our business to write articles on school teaching. Our pen has already slipped away beyond its intended limits.

Children should be impressed with two ideas: the one that their teacher is really their friend, laboring to promote their good and pleasure;—the other, that he is such a kind of a man that it will be useless to disobey him.

NEW ORLEANS. Great improvement has been made in the Common Schools of this city within a few years, so that in many respects they compare well with those of the North. Education should be the watchword of a free people.

Music in Schools.

The following is extracted from two notices which appear in the District School Journal, of celebrations of Common Schools in New York.

"Pursuant to previous arrangement, on the morning of the 28th of Feb. last, at an early hour, the schools from different parts of the town of Victor, began to collect at the village school-house, where they were formed into a procession, by the marshals, each school being distinguished by badges and its own tasty banner, bearing an appropriate motto. A few minutes before nine, the procession, grand in appearance, headed by the Victor Brass Band, marched to the air of Hail Columbia, to the Methodist Chapel, fitted up for the occasion, and which was already thronged by parents and friends, waiting with anxiety to witness the performances of the day. After the customary forms of organization on such occasions, and an appropriate prayer by the Rev. A. N. Fillmore, with Music from the Band, which favored the audience with their presence and music during the day and evening, the exercises commenced with reading by all the schools. This was followed by recitations in vocal music, geography, oral arithmetic, orthography, grammar and outline maps, which were highly creditable both to teachers and pupils."

"At Cairo, March 6th, at an early hour in the day, four schools assembled in the Presbyterian Church.—The exercises commenced with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Snyder. The schools were then reviewed by their respective teachers in regard to reading, arithmetic, geography, and grammar; the exercises being much enlivened by juvenile singing during the several intervals of the review. In the afternoon, John Olney, Esq. County Superintendent, delivered an interesting lecture, in which many important topics relative to education were ably discussed."

Music of the Spheres.

The ethereal music of the echoes naturally calls to mind Plato's idea in relation to the harmonious movements of the planets, which he terms the music of the spheres; a harmony resulting from the motions of the planets, and modulated by their respective distances and magnitudes. This idea is not only beautiful, but in all probability, just.

Proclus carried the notion so far as to suppose that even the growth of plants is attended with sound.—

Every object that moves produces a greater or less vibration in the atmosphere. Observing this, Anaxagoras, Pythagoras, and Plato, conceived it to be impossible that bodies so large as the planets, and revolving in orbs so vast, should move without audible repercussion; so that the heavens might be said to produce a concert, to which the gods themselves might delight in listening. "A melody," says Maximus Tyrius "too transcendent for the frailty of man, and the excellence of which ethereal beings are alone capable of appreciating."

How beautiful does Shakspeare allude to this poetical thought, where Lorenzo leads Jessica into the grove, and, after desiring Stephano to order music to be brought into the garden, accosts her in the following manner:—

"—Soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica; how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still giving to the young-eyed cherubim,
But, while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close in, we cannot hear it."

This idea is in some measure sanctioned by the Hebrew scriptures; "the stars move on their course rejoicing"—"when the morning stars sang together," and other analogous expressions, would seem to allude to this celestial harmony. Servius says, the idea of this music originated with Orpheus, and that the Pythagoreans affirmed that their master was the only human being permitted to hear it. There is a passage in Euripides, where he exclaims, "thee, I invoke thyself. [World of Music.]

RELIGIOUS.

[For the Journal of Music.]

EXTRACT FROM MY JOURNAL IN INDIA.

MR. EDITOR.—In looking over my old Journal I cast my eye upon the following extract which, if you think proper, you may insert in your paper.

A DYING WOMAN, and, Heathen Unthankfulness.

May 16, 1838.—On my way to the haran this afternoon my attention was arrested by a large throng of people surrounding something which I soon found to be a sick woman, lying in the mud. Her husband was supporting her head with one hand and with one other holding a little infant apparently about a month old, shrieking in agonies of starvation. I returned to my house and brought some medicine for the woman and called several of our school boys to my assistance. The 50 or 60 spectators could look on with pleasure and see me work, advise and express their good wishes, but not one could lend a helping hand because the woman was of low caste. I must say my pity gave place to resentment to see a crowd of unfeeling brutes standing in my way and unwilling to raise a finger in support of the poor woman's life.

I took the dear little babe in my arms, and O how the dear little shivering thing nestled in my bosom. The husband and the school boys carried the woman to a house standing in my enclosure. In accordance with the request of the man I sent for a native doctor and also for his friends; but his friends sent word back that the man had for some misdemeanor, been turned out of caste, and hence they could not come to see him. We took care of his infant, employing a wet nurse expressly for it, and supported him, but instead of being thankful for our kindness he was actually ashamed to stay in our company and made an effort

A wife cut into the street, when she was in the last stages of death, and he would have succeeded in not been forcibly restrained. Heathen have no idea that one can do a disinterested act of kindness, and the poor man doubtless thought some selfish motive had governed me in whole course, and hence looked upon me with utmost contempt. I could only rejoice in the reflection that I had the example of my Heavenly Father for exhibiting kindness to the unthankful and the ill.

The woman died within a few days, after which the unfeeling husband tore the ornaments from her wrists, fingers and ears, and being unable to get any assistance, tied his cloth about her neck and dragged her out by the highway side to be devoured by the dogs and jackals. During this revolting scene a company of Hindoos looked on laughing at the top of their voices to see how the mangled corpse was drawn through the mud. My health would not admit or I should have assisted in her burial with my own hands.

O, my God, thought I. Are these human beings, and are these the people for whose salvation I must labor? Alas! what can my preaching accomplish amongst men so dead to all sensibilities. It does seem that if these people should see angels weep tears of blood their hearts would still be unmoved.

After he had disposed of his wife the poor wretch came and demanded the child threatening with the first breath that if I refused to give it up he should complain to the magistrate. I told him there would be no occasion for an appeal to the magistrate to induce me to give up a little infant that would occasion so much trouble and expense, and that I should insist upon his taking it away, and so saying I had the child placed before him. At this he was utterly astonished, for he had been told that we received several hundred rupees from Government for every child we received, and he thought that by threatening he should get part of the money. I was determined to correct this false opinion and forced him to take the child and be off, and never let me see his unthankful countenance again and it was not till he had supplicated some time that we consented to keep the poor babe. It would have grieved us to turn it back upon the unfeeling parent, but in fact we did not much expect to be under the necessity of doing so, though we were obliged to be resolute. We call the little thing Hopeful, hoping it will make something, tho' a strange stalk of a degenerate vine.

E. NOYES.

Amos and Isaiah.

Isaiah was a courtier, and Amos a country farmer. So says Henry. Some have supposed that the style of Amos was rather more rustic than some others of the Prophets.—But of this there does not appear to be much evidence. One of the most remarkable things in connection with the Bible, and which is urged in favor of its divine origin, is, that though written by scores of men, and during a lapse of 2,000 years, there is a most beautiful harmony in all its parts, in religious sentiment and scientific observations. Heathen and Pagan theology is both at variance in sentiment and with modern science. Not so with the Bible.

A Novel School-House.

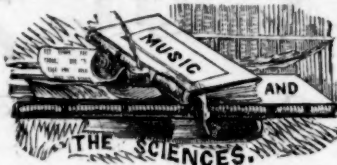
The walls of the several apartments of the High-School at Salem, Mass., which has been recently rebuilt on the ancient foundation laid two centuries ago, are embellished with handsome drawings. In one apartment, the four walls and ceiling present illustrative astronomical views—the solar system, drawn out into intelligible details, with much beauty. In the centre of the ceiling is the circle of the zodiac, twenty feet in diameter. The ventilator, three and a half feet in diameter, represents the sun, the spots being designated upon the nucleus in conformity to the latest telescopic observation. The divergence of the solar ray is also fully exhibited. The earth is represented in four different positions, indicating the four seasons. The moon also is described in its orbit, and its position so varied as to exhibit its four principal changes. The globular figure of the earth is clearly shown, and lines are inscribed upon it representing the equator, tropics and polar circles. The hour lines are also marked and numbered.

In another room, Geography is illustrated, the surface of the globe being handsomely exhibited, with the relative length of rivers, height of countries, cities, &c. The geological structure of the earth, strata, &c., are also exhibited. The walls of the grammar school room are also made to illustrate the general principles of grammar. Various instructive inscriptions meet the eye in the several passages of the building. A clock is also placed in a conspicuous apartment, upon the walls of which the course of

studies prescribed for the school, and arranged into two divisions is conspicuously inscribed.

The Grammar School in Salem, is known to be the first FREE SCHOOL in the U. States, and believed to be the first in the world, where every person within certain geographical limits, and possessing certain requisites of study, has an equal right of admission, free of cost. It was founded two hundred and fifty years ago, when the population consisted of less than two hundred families, and has continued without interruption, we believe, giving thorough preparation to students for college, to the present day. [Ex. paper.]

JOURNAL OF MUSIC.



Sabbath Schools.

It is now time for Sabbath Schools to revive all over the country. We know of no one thing which adds so much to the interest, and we may well say, usefulness of the Sabbath School, as exercises in Singing. We have now on hand, designed for this summer's use, a fifth edition of David's Harp, of which we have already sold large numbers. The great variety and number of tunes, (216) are such as to adapt it to Sabbath and juvenile Schools of all descriptions. \$3.50 per doz., 176 pages.

We publish in the present number a Sabbath School dialogue, words and music original, which has been much admired in the city on several public occasions.

STOPPING PAPERS. We always stop a paper when a subscription expires; presuming that those who wish it continued, will renew it according to our terms.

Who mails the Journal according to our common custom. We rectified the matter with No. 9.

Murder.

The London Illustrated News contains an account of a recent murder in London, by a Mr Hocker, on the person of Mr Delarue, a teacher of music and man of some wealth. Hocker was found guilty by circumstantial evidence.

CORRECTION. Read in our last on the first page, first column—from \$100,000 to \$200,000, instead of from \$100,000 to \$700,000.

Two or Three Questions.

What distinguished teacher of music has been in the habit of carrying a lot of peppermints &c. to his afternoon singing school and then kissing the girls with a "grin from ear to ear" pretty generally?—Is this for what he is distinguished? A member of the school having made this statement;—it was remarked in reply that they were probably very small. But this it was affirmed was not the case, some were as old as eighteen. Who drove away the boys because they asked for a share of the peppermints, although they could get along without the kissing?

Now that there is no mistake in relation to the fact stated, abundance of evidence can be brought forward. It is a true, literal and unvarnished fact. However, no matter about that—true or false, is such conduct commendable? Would a parent be willing that his girls—his daughters should be subjected to the kissing of a young man or an old one, even? Is it consistent with good morals, not to say with the purity of christianity, for a teacher of music to kiss, not the little girls merely, but those of 14—16—and 18 years of age, in his school? This does not prove a man to be licentious, but what real pious man would do it? "O shame where is thy blush?" How often the case, that a man who has become popular, can break any or all of the ten commandments and be caressed:—do things for which another would be hooted out of society.

If such conduct is not condemnable, then we are unfortunately in the wrong. More or less, since this paper was commenced, we have endeavored to correct things of the kind. We heard of a man a short time since, who fabricated a falsehood and gave it as a reason why these articles were written. Perhaps the coat fit his own back, and he could not well throw it off without.

Calling Names.

"If they would only call names, I would make them smart." Does Mr —, really wish us to call names?

Bishop Onderdonk has been removed from his office in consequence of familiarities and indecencies of which he has been found guilty. But the community can pardon a Teacher of Music, who, kisses and hugs the girls, who in the absence of his family, carries them out to ride to a celebrated cemetery—strolls with them in the bushes — &c. Since the appearance of the article on "Ridiculous Conduct in Teachers," individuals have come forward and made statements in regard to a certain man, which, as was said of Bishop Onderdonk, we could scarcely believe. We can "call the names." Is he aware that in a somewhat recent case, a young lady, quite innocently, told on her return, all his libidinous conduct with her while riding out to Mt. —. Where was a care-worn and anxious wife all this time? We knew an excellent old-fashioned minister who distinguished himself by aiding young men and setting them out in business;—Why is Mr — so fond of aiding young ladies? Why was that lady in New York, afraid to trust her daughter with Mr —, to come on and take lessons and study music with him? She had heard stories. But why did she believe them about such a popular man? A wise mother she.

Put these and similar facts together, plagiarism in publishing music from German writers with his own name attached, selfishness, humbugery and intrigue, acknowledged even by friends, with a known—little more than immoral character in younger days—such as to oblige him to "take to his heels" and fly to another state, to avoid merited scorn and just reprobation, and we say, that it is not a "chip of the old block"—but the old block itself.

Should there be any one person more than another in the known world who may feel himself hit in any of these remarks, let him rather repent, than challenge for names. If he does, names may be called, with a catalogue of facts, and sure it is—in regard to somebody, we have proof of every statement.—Should we be charged with unjust motives in the above and similar remarks, it will be wrong, since personal feeling will never draw them out. An outraged and humbuged community and country, ought to know enough to put them on their guard. If any one has doubts, let him inquire in the city, of musical men.

ENGRAVING.

The Card of W. B. EMERY, will be found in our columns. He is a young man, very ingenious in his business, and steady in habits, and is just commencing for himself. The object of this note is to induce any of our readers who may have anything in his line to be done, to become his patrons. If any persons in this community should share any thing more than our good will, they are young men, who with honorable principles try their fortune in the great lottery of life.

BRONCHIAL CONFIT. This is recommended by various individuals as a valuable remedy for Catarrhal and Bronchial affections.—It is a kind of lozenge medicine, quite palatable and comes in boxes, containing, perhaps, 100 or more. We are obliged to Messrs. Jordan & Co., Washington street, for a box, and shall save it for a time of need. 25 cts. per box.

Civil War in Switzerland.

A recent battle has been fought in which about 3000, it is reported, have fallen. It

The American Journal of Music.

seems to be between factions of Protestant and Catholic factions.—Politics and religion are mixed up together.

Communications.

Milk-and-Water.

Paterson, N. J. April 24, 1845.

A gentleman in behalf of the First Baptist choir in Paterson, writes:

The Handel and Haydn collection, Carmina, the Academy, the Manhattan, Dyers, and others have been exhausted. There is too much of a sameness in some of them, and others like milk-and-water, too insipid. We want something new, some work that has good parts, the tunes of a kind that will not cause us to tire in the practice of them. Do you know of such a work? If so will you give it a name, the price of it, whether it can be procured in N. York, in what street, or store, or in Boston, or could you send us a copy, that we may examine it. We have the money to pay for some work if we can get a good one. Information to the effect desired will be thankfully received.

The above quotation is a specimen of the general feeling in many parts of the country in relation to the "Milk-and-Water" music which we referred to in a somewhat lengthy article in our last. The "sameness of some of them," is true certainly of Carmina Sacra, Psalmist, Boston Academy's, Choir, all of which came from the same source. We should advise our friend to examine the Ancient Lyre, by Zeuner; Musical Institute's Collection, by Comer; and the Musical Education Society's Collection, by Baker and Woodbury, all of this city;—also the Psalmist, published at New York, edited by Messrs. Bradbury and Hastings.

Music in America.

For a long time Europeans have enjoyed and indeed fully appreciated the musical efforts of a Handel, a Haydn, a Beethoven and a host of other composers, whilst Americans have listened to the compositions of a Billings, a Holden, &c. compositions melodious in their character, but, unclassical in their construction. Volumes upon volumes of truly classical music both vocal and instrumental have been written in Europe, of the greater part of which we are entirely ignorant. In our own country floods of trashy songs, unmeaning variations, noisy quick-steps and the like, abound. When in Europe the *Ti Rivedro*, of a Rosini might be heard continually repeated, the negro song of an American composer, in like manner, might be heard, eagerly swallowed by a gaping multitude.—The Musical taste of American public is exceedingly vitiated, and depraved, it needs a complete regeneration, a general reformation. The Musical atmosphere of our times, is corrupted and depressed, rendered unhealthy and unsalubrious by the immoral and worthless strains, by which we are deluged. This is not as it should be. Pure sentiment, classic strains, and compositions of merit should be sustained and encouraged, as a healthy stay to the worthless nonsense of the present day.

Franklin Mills, Ohio, April 12th, 1845.

DEAR SIR:—There has been a club in existence in this place about two years, by the name of the Franklin Glee Club, which has sung for the Temperance Society in this place at their celebrations and occasionally at their regular meetings. It has now agreed to sing once a month for the year to come.

O. B.

The Odeum.

The Odeum, or music-theatre of the Athenians, was built by Pericles, a famous Athenian general and statesman, after the manner of a tent. It was situated at the foot of the Acropolis, a large and lofty hill.—The roof was constructed of the masts, and yards of vessels, and was supported by columns of stone. It was burned at the siege of Athens, by Sulla, a Roman general, but was afterwards rebuilt by Ariobarzanes, king of Cappadocia.

The Lyre.

Mercury is said to have invented the Lyre, from finding on the shore the shell of a Tortoise, with a few sinews remaining extended across the shell, which reverberated as the wind swept through them. Horace in his ode to Mercury, says, *curvaque lyrae parentem*; and the inventor of the curved Lyre. Tortoise shells were used for centuries afterwards in the construction of the Lyre. From this ancient form of the Lyre the modern Harp is fashioned.

From a late edition of the Catalogue of Harvard University for the Academical year 1844-5, we find that the Undergraduates number as follows: Seniors 58; Juniors 65; Sophomores 70; Freshmen 65; total 248.

Vocal and Instrumental.

On the different Styles of Music.

If we understand the opinion of Mr. Mason on the subject of Sacred Music, it is that for the family, prayer meeting, Sabbath School and the Sanctuary, the tunes would all be of the choral or old hundred style.

This, however, we must place down as an antiquated notion; like the notions of many of our brothers whose age we respect, but either from a limited knowledge of the Christian Church *en masse*, or, in consequence of a bigotted education, are unable to see, that whatever suits them may not always suit every body else. In other words, they lay down their own views as the standard of perfection.

Music for the Church, i. e. Psalm and Hymn tunes, should chiefly, or generally have a leading melody. There are no parts of the world where all the parts are well balanced by congregations as they sing. The leading Air should be the best—and it should be an air, not a monotonous succession of unmeaning sounds, without theme or phrase. Choral Music in Germany as well as here, is dull and heavy. It is like dragging a log. Every step is labor. Choir music, may have the melody more distributed. After all, harmony without a leading melody is like a statue without a soul. It may arouse the sense of the sublime, but can never enkindle the feelings or prompt to action. Hence the objection we have to choral music, a little of which is as good as old cheese and about as indigestible. Tunes should be adapted to all the different feelings. One who could give all the shades of melodic feeling in a thousand different tunes, as well as Shakspeare has in sense, would confer a great blessing on the Church.

We also want a few chants. Short sentences and anthems, so composed as to recognize a melodic subject, without a violation of the sense, would be exceedingly useful for choirs as opening and closing pieces. But as a general thing, 'let all the people praise the Lord.' Congregational Singing must and will come into use, when every body has been taught to sing. To talk of one without the other, is light-toned nonsense, something like calculating on a crop without the necessary preparation of the soil and sowing of seed.

There is also a kind of music peculiar to conference and prayer meetings. The tunes are strikingly characteristic. The Air is the main part of the tunes, and the other parts are only accompaniments. These tunes get hold of the soul, and fire the zeal by singing old hundred. As well talk of going to England in a gundalow, or in Noah's Ark.

Not improper for children to learn some of the old standard tunes, but to sing nothing else would be like feeding children on salt. Sabbath School Music should be of a most lively and spirited kind. Childish expressions in poetry should be avoided; not because they are improper for children, but because in Sabbath School Singing, old and young should raise in sentiment and have music adapted.

We believe with many others, that there should always be a revival in the church. Yet, it cannot be derived, that there always have been times of refreshing from the Lord. At such times the exulting spirit only finds room for expansion in melodious and lively strains. Not to particularise, we believe that we need (the church has always had them at any rate) revival tunes, characteristically different from common church music.

Beside what has been mentioned, music of a secular character is wanted, with sentiment of a moral character. Societies for the practice of music want something adapted to their use. Music for young people as they associate together from time to time is wanted. Music for concerts of different kinds. In short, different ages and different occasions require music adapted in style and taste.

On Conducting Juvenile Schools.

A gentleman some time since wished to know the best manner of conducting juvenile singing schools.

The subject is so broad that we may not hit on the particular point to which he referred. We will suppose the school collected. The teacher lays down his rules and regulations. Children are in attendance from the ages of 8 to 14 years. It is a matter now settled in our mind from successful experience, that children should be taught to read music. To sing with children or adult scholars, *la, la, la, la, | la, la, la, la, |* &c. except for a moments illustration, is time almost thrown away. How much better than the above, as a lesson would the following be:—

1 1 2 2 | 3 3 2 — || 3 3 4 3 | 2 2 1 — ||

or
1 1 2 2 | 3 3 1 — ||

Here we are taught at once, which after all is the great thing.

We know of no better course for children than the one which has been partially planned and set forth in back numbers of Journal. Most of the lessons in numerals children will readily learn, beat the time as do it as easy, and with a thousand times more pleasure and profit than to sing *la la la la* &c.

At the commencement of the school, then sing lessons in numerals, not the name of the numerals as *one, two, &c.* but apply the syllables always, *Do, re, &c.* to the numerals, sing and beat the different kinds of time. Write easy lessons of this kind with words, until they are familiar with beating time, and have learned the scale pretty well. All this may be done in four or five lessons. Explain next the extension of the Scale, and then use one line and write lessons in numerals—the lower Scale on the line, the upper Scale above the line. Next explain the Staff and write lessons in numerals on the Staff.

Now show that there are but Seven different ways of applying the Scale to the Staff; i. e. explain the positions as we have done in back numbers. Notes and Rests should now be introduced, and lessons in Notes and Rests written in any one of the different Positions on the Staff. It is of no practical or theoretical importance to learn the first position (natural key) better than any other.

Now from a suitable book (David's Harp) sing tunes by note. The First Position may be taken first. In one Sharp, merely say that DO comes on the Second Line. Indeed, sing in any and all the Keys without explaining at first the Signatures, any further than to say that so many Flats or so many Sharps, mean DO on a certain Line or Space. Two rules however will enable them always to know in what Position a tune is in.

RULE FOR SHARPS. DO is always on the next degree above the last Sharp.

RULE FOR FLATS. DO is always on the fourth degree above the last Flat.

If the Transpositions of the Scale are not explained, which will in most cases be inexpedient, (it would be desirable in advanced schools,) the letters need not be written on the Staff. Give children the same opportunities, and they would learn to read music in all the keys as soon as they would learn to read in the Testament. By the time they are 14, they ought to be able to read music in all Keys as easy as they can read an article from a common newspaper.

Let it not be understood, that we suppose that the voice at this age can be fully developed and cultivated. The idea is this, that at that age they ought to be comparatively as good singers at sight, as they are readers at sight.

We give below a list of tunes from David's Harp suited for the purpose we have suggested. Evening Choral, 18; My Little Friend, 25; Sabbath Bell, 34; also 35: Kindness, 40; Now I Lay, 48; Fading Flower, 56; Village Green, 58; Hope, 59; Union Street, 62; Pollock, 63; Saxony, 64; Merol, 64; Hemans, 80; Sweet Spring, 92; Repentance, 97; Temple, 103; Dark Night, 105; Bright Morning, 137; Golden Gate, 106; Worlds Above, 108; Will you Come, 120; Dialogue, 135; Freedoms Banner, 138; When our Father's, 143; Parting, 145; and many others which are very pleasing.

Power of Music.

Sultan Amurrah, having laid siege to Bagdad, and taken it, ordered 30,000 Persians to be put to death, though they had submitted and laid down their arms. Among those men was a musician. He besought the officer who had the command to see the Sultan's orders executed, to spare him for a moment, to speak to the Emperor. The officer indulged him, and being brought before the Sultan he was suffered to give

Ladies Department.

(Original.)

Storms on Life's Dark Waters.

Life is a vast ocean, upon whose dark waters many thousands have embarked, with hearts full of bright hopes, and high anticipations of the future. But alas! how often are they disappointed, how soon are those fond hopes blasted. The tempestuous winds of adversity often sweep over these waters, and the cold storms of sorrow are not strangers there. The young and old, the rich and poor, the high and low, the learned and the illiterate, are alike tossed and driven by the dark waves of affliction. Fortune is deceitful; "Riches take to themselves wings and fly away." The friends most dear, are in an unexpected moment torn from our side and consigned to the silent tomb.

He who fancied himself secure, who yesterday was the possessor of millions, finds himself to-day reduced to the most abject poverty;—those whom he thought his most devoted friends, in whom he had confided in his bright hours of prosperity, now that trouble has assailed him, pass by upon the other side and leave him to his sad fate; heartbroken and thus neglected, he sinks into an untimely grave. That fond mother who has watched over her darling boy during the hours of helpless infancy, and anxiously guarded his erring steps from danger in boyhood days, now that he has arrived to manhood, looks to him as her comfort and support, the joy and delight of her declining years. But alas! her fair prospects are blasted; disease lays his cruel hand upon her son, he is laid upon the bed of death, and the bereaved mother is left to weep alone. Parents are deprived of the children of their affections, and children of those beloved parents, who have ever watched over them, by whose kind counsels and direction, they have constantly been guided. They have gone now, and the lone orphans are left to stem the current of life alone.

The sisters heart is made to bleed for a beloved brother, who is far away on a distant shore, laid upon a dying bed; no kind friends are near to administer to his wants and alleviate his distresses; but strangers close his eyes in death, and by strangers he is borne to his last long resting place.

The brother too is often called to mourn the loss of an only sister, who in the bloom of youth, amid all her loveliness, is snatched from his side, and laid beneath the cold sod. Thus it is ever upon the changing sea of life. Storm-winds and zephyrs prevail alternately; mingled with mirth are many dark shades of sorrow;—passing away, is engraven upon all the things of time. But beyond this tempestuous ocean is a bright haven of rest; storms and tempests are there unknown. The weary mariner, whose frail bark had just cleared the rocks and quicksands, and well nigh foundered, anchors at length in the port of peace, and finds there a safe retreat from all danger. His sorrow, pain, and tears are all forgotten,—for these are never known in that blest land.

From Arthur's Magazine.

"Words are Things."

In an hour of mirthful gladness,
When glees were unrepressed,
I wounded one I dearly loved,
With thoughtless words of jest:
I knew not then how bitterly,
A random trifle stings;
But learned with pain, when grief was vain,
To know that "words are things."

Look backward o'er thy bygone years,
The morning of thy day:
Where childhood's smiles, and childhood's tears,
Together fall—and play:
And every pleasure, every pain,
That thoughtful memory brings,
Will only deepen on thy heart,
The truth that "words are things."

Call hope to gild thy future
With gifts most bright and rare;
And words of promise will be found,
The brightest even there:
How far beyond all other hopes,
To these devotion clings;
And whispers with an ardent tongue,
That "words are precious things."

Then while thy life is full of joy,
And pleasures woo thy soul,
Accept and use their loveliest gifts,
Guided by self-control;
Whether midst household duties,
Or where mirth her music rings,
Keep thou a watch before thy lips,
Remember "words are things."

H. M.

Dr. Young.

As the Doctor was walking in his garden at Well-
wyth, in company with two young ladies, one of
whom he afterwards married, the servant came to tell

of his art. He sang the taking of Bagdad,
triumph of Aharath. The pathetic tones,
sounds of the instrument used, something
resembling a Lyre, together with the ultimate plain-
ness and boldness of his strains, melted even Am-
on, who not only pardoned the musician, but all
se who had been condemned to die with him.

MUSIC WITH VENGEANCE. At the Guildhall Court
Requests, a few days since, John Emerson was
summoned for the price of a violin, which Edward
Ikell, a blind performer on the instrument, had lent
upon trial. The Violin player stated that the
defendant was in the habit of supplying young men
with Musical Instruments for performance in the
street, where they obtained a great deal of money.—
One of them, however, popped off with the fiddle in
question, as he had not been well looked after. The
defendant said the plaintiff used to play himself until
he got a bad hand by a brickbat which was thrown at
him by an enraged opera singer, before whose wind-
ow he was scraping out all tune. The plaintiff re-
plied, "It is all your fault as you sent me into the
neighborhood of the teachers of music." I give my
oath that he has got the address of every fine musi-
cian in London, and off he sends one or two of the
troop just when the ladies or gentlemen are sitting at
their breakfast; the moment the scratching begins,
somebody roars out from within, "Oh diabolissimo
rascallo. (Great laughter.) We then lets fly the
bow up and down over the strings as rough as we can
and presently down falls a shilling on the pavement,
and the gentleman calls out, "Go away to the devil,
Musico blaguardo." (Laughter.) Some recrimina-
tion ensued between the parties, from which it ap-
peared that men and women were in the habit of
paying as much as 3s. 6d. per day for the loan of such
instruments. At length the defendant agreed to let
the plaintiff have a flute and a dog to pursue his trade
and to pay a trifle per week for the violin, should he
fail to find the thief. [Bell's Weekly Mes.

[For the Journal of Music.]

Pic-Nic Hymn. No. 2.

- 1 Spread wide fair freedom's banner,
On this grand Jubilee;
And shout aloud Hosannah,
Ye friends of Liberty.
- 2 We've met on this occasion,
To celebrate the hour,
Was freed from British power.
- 3 Our Fathers crossed the waters,
To enjoy their liberty;
This day their sons and daughters
Are Independent—Free!
- 4 Then banish and forever,
Intemperance put away,
And let us now and ever,
Enjoy this happy day.
- 5 The Temp'rance ship is sailing,
King Alcohol is beat,
His cause is daily failing,
We'll force him to retreat.
- 6 Though once in chains he bound us,
And multiplied our woes,
The Temp'rance ship has found us,
And onward, onward goes.
- 7 We will be free forever,
And tyrants all expel,
And while we live we'll ever
The joys of freedom tell.
- 8 Then spread fair freedoms banner,
O'er this grand Jubilee;
And shout a loud Hosannah,
Ye friends of Liberty.

JOHN.

Eastern Parable.

A traveller who spent some time in Turkey,
relates a beautiful parable which was told him
by a Dervis, and which seems even more
beautiful than Sterne's celebrated figure of
the accusing spirit and the recording angel.
"Every man," says he, "has two angels, one
on his right shoulder and the other on his left.
When he does anything good, the angel on
his right shoulder writes it down and seals it;
because what is once well done is done for-
ever. When he does evil the angel upon his
left shoulder writes it down, but does not seal
it.—He waits till midnight. If before that
time the man bows down his head and ex-
claims, 'Gracious Allah! I have sinned—forgive
me!' the angel rubs it out; but if not, at
midnight he seals it, and the angel upon the
right shoulder weeps." [Trans.

him a gentleman wished to speak with him. "Tell
him," said the Doctor, "I am too happily engaged to
change my situation." The ladies insisted that he
should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, his pat-
ron and his friend. As persuasion, had no effect, one
took him by the right arm, the other by the left, and
led him to the garden gate; when, finding resistance
was in vain, he bowed, laid his hands upon his heart,
and in that expressive manner for which he was re-
markable, spoke the following lines:—

"Thus Adam looked when from the garden driven,
And thus disputed orders sent from heaven;
Like him I go, but yet to go am loth;
Like him I go, for angels drove us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind;
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind."

The First Loaf.

An emergency at last came in my domestic arrange-
ments, for which I was wholly unprepared, despite
the admonitory warnings of all good housekeepers, to
be prepared when such do occur, as occur they must
in these days of help-wanting. An excellent girl had
gone, and her place was supplied by one who I felt,
when I beheld her, could never answer that descrip-
tion which had induced me to engage her. She stood
demurely before me awaiting her instructions.—

"You can make some bread Nancy; now I want you
to sift some flour and sit some rising."

"How shall I make it? That never was my work
before, but you will tell me how, ma'am and I can
learn quick," was the reply; and the anxious, yet
willing expression of her face bespoke a teachable
spirit as it did an experienced hand. Heavily did that
answer fall upon my ear—"how shall I make it?"—
Yes that was the question, how? What a world of
experience and power did that little word compre-
hend. I remember my mother talking of setting the
sponge, placing it in a warm situation, baking it when
it was just enough raised; these snatches of informa-
tion I well remembered, but the right quantity, qual-
ity and number of ingredients, with the just how they
should all be put together, was the still unanswerable
question. There stood Nancy. "Upon the whole,"
said I after a moment's thoughtful pause, "as there is
so much that is more important to do, we'll put this
matter off and try baker's bread," and I felt thankful
for the respite. Days passed on.

"Cannot Nancy make bread?" asked my husband,
at last, I am getting quite tired of baker's bread."

"She shall make some; but this is beautiful baker's
bread, George, I don't know but it's nicer than any
home-made bread I ever ate," I replied in a most re-
commendatory tone, taking another slice which I did
not want.

"There is nothing like good home-made bread, such
as my mother used to make." To the first part of this
remark, I did not materially object, inasmuch as it
was secretly my opinion; but when he suggested an
equality with his mother's bread, which nothing in
his estimation ever excelled, I felt a sad shrinking of
the heart at my own conscious inability of obtaining
it.

"May you be blest with just such an appetite, as
you had when a boy, you ate your mother's bread!"
was my inward benediction, as he arose to return to
his afternoon business. Sometimes I thought of con-
fessing our dilemma. Had it been the first week of
our marriage, it had all been well, he would have
smiled at my inexperience, but we had unfortunately
been married for some time; and however lovely in-
efficiency and want of skill may appear in a bride, it as-
sumes quite a different aspect, when not to know is in-
excusable ignorance. "I can't do that!" was no longer
viewed in the light of maiden timidity, or delicate
helplessness, besides it savored so little of 'his moth-
er,' who was a pattern house-keeper.

But the bread must be made. I arose one morning
cool and courageous, and resolved that day to attempt
it. "I will begin with pearlash bread; that I am sure
will be easiest and much less trouble." So upon
pearlash bread I was decided. With what anxiety
did I mix these important ingredients together. "I
will have pearlash enough," thought I. "I am deter-
mined it shall be light," and another spoonful was
quickly added. The bread was made, the pans were
ready, the fire kindled, and at last it had been satis-
factorily deposited in the well-heated oven. I took
my seat beside the stove to watch its progress. How
anxious was I to see it rise. How readily did I re-
member the round, plump aspect of my mother's
loaves. Time passed on, and, despite my watchful
attention, and ardent wishes, it was still flat, flat, flat!
It grew so beautifully brown, but there it lay, so de-
mure, so unspiriting.

Dinner came, and my husband walked in with a
friend or two to dine, as, in the hospitality of his
heart, he often did. I extended a welcome hand, but
I am sure my burnt face and disquieted look were ill
tales of a heart not particularly glad to see them.

We sat down at the table; the mackerel was well
broiled, the potatoes well done, the butter was melted
but the bread, the article above all which my husband
considered most important, which he considered in-

dispensable to be good; it was hard round, he took a slice, it certainly did not resemble bread, thickly studded as it was with little brown spots of undissolved pearlsh; and then how it tasted, a strange mixture of salt and bitter, which was altogether unbearable. My husband looked surprised and mortified, and how did I feel? 'Is there no other,' he looked at me significantly. I shook my head while he involuntarily moved the unpalatable slice afar from his plate. How little did I enjoy the society of my agreeable guests. How distant did I wish them; any where—but at my own table.

'Had you not better attend to the breadmaking your self,' replied George, as soon as we were alone, 'and not leave that most important part of cooking, to such miserable inexperienced hands!' There was a decision in his gentle tone which I well knew to give me no choice in the matter, and I saw that he little imagined the miserable inexperienced hands upon which he laid such strong emphasis were neither more nor less than my own; and it did not afford me much consolation that he expected better things of me.

I went away and wept heartily and humbly, with this pitiful lamentation, 'what shall I do?' There stood the Piano. What availed all the time, talent and industry, which had long been spent in learning a few tunes? Handsome worsted work adorned our parlor. O that I could recall the time spent with the embroidery needle, and employ it, in thoroughly and skilfully acquiring the important arts of housewifery. From that moment I resolved to study into my domestic duties; not lightly and loosely, as if they were small matters, easily gotten over, but I resolved to know how to become a skilful economical housekeeper. Upon success in this, how much family happiness depends.

When I have cut my sweet, light, wholesome loaves there still lingers, the sad remembrance of the pain, the anxiety, nay the mortification of my first effort; with no one to advise and no one to aid me. Mine was a long and wearisome probation in bread-making, and all because I lightly esteemed these great duties, when time and opportunity were freely offered under a mother's eye.

Let not young ladies look upon these duties as menial, or as of slight importance. A household cannot be well-ordered and happy unless they are faithfully and intelligently understood. Let no one imagine that a husband's comfort, enjoyment or prosperity, depends alone upon the smiles and ornaments of his parlor. It is skilful and judicious management in the kitchen which does so much towards making home pleasant and prospects bright. Let every young lady who expects to be a wife (and who does not!) look well to these things before she leaves the maternal care. Let her remember that to become truly a "help-meet," implies prudence, sagacity, and experience in domestic duties and let no one enter into that important and most interesting relation, with untried powers and unskilful hands.

The following literal occurrence, is a little better than the tales of fashion, set out with the tinsel drapery of polite literature. This is not something "founded on" another thing;—but the thing itself.—Whose heart does not beat at the phrase: A mother's love.

Father Taylor.

Several years since, a large Temperance meeting was convened in the Bethel Church, North Square, at which many seamen related their experience in rum-drinking. Mr Taylor's voice, of course, whenever the bashfulness of the seamen prevented them from taking part in the meeting, was raised to encourage them; and so easy and familiar was his tone on such occasions, that even the most diffident of the company soon found themselves entirely at home. By way of parenthesis we may here remark, that one of the causes of Mr Taylor's success is the faculty which he possesses of rendering those around him as much at home as himself. On the present occasion the meeting was quite interesting, and a large number of seamen signed the pledge. Among several incidents he related the following, which we noted at the time, was peculiarly affecting:

"Brethren," said Mr Taylor, "about three years since I called to see a widow, one of our sisters, who had long been expecting her son, a noble young sailor, from sea. The ship in which he had sailed had been due over three months, and the poor widow began to think that her darling boy, her only support, had found a watery grave. Well, I talked the matter over with her, and endeavored to cheer her with the hope of seeing him soon—(you know gentlemen my motto is, never say die)—and while I was yet speaking, she seized me by the arm, and exclaimed, hush! hush! that's my William's voice—I know it is,—his step, too, on the stairs—he comes! my own William comes! Open flew the door, and there stood the noble youth, with arms extended, and ready for a spring. He gazed for an instant, his eye caught his mother's, and they were locked in each others embrace. They kissed and wept, and kissed again, and

I wept too, and there all three stood weeping with joy. O! it was a glorious sight! it was truly a happy return! Well, brethren, when we had recovered breath, the old lady, yet simpering inquired what had detained her William so long.

"Why mother," replied he, "you see we lost our mast in a gale off the cape, and have been hobbling along ever since, under jury masts; nobody got hurt, ship's a fine boat, captain a noble fellow; but—what, is this Father Taylor? (turning to me)—God bless you. I am glad to see you; how are all your folks? and he grasped me with both hands, and shook me as if I had been laboring under a Florida ague. But come, continued he, my traps (chest and pack) are below, and I must get them up, so you must excuse me." A few minutes afterwards we separated.

The next Sunday, I stood where I now stand; the greater part of the seats were nearly full, and brother Foster was getting some settees ready, when my attention was arrested by the young sailor with his fond mother on his arm. O! he was a noble young fellow! straight as an ash, firm as a pillar, yet when he walked, seemed pliant as a willow. Shall I forget him? No never. That day, it was summer at the time, he wore a blue jacket, white trousers, and on the turned down collar of his snowy shirt, dangled the glossy locks of raven hair. His face and neck were deeply bronzed by the sun, but the easy smile that played about his mouth, and the heart cheerfulness that gleamed in his hazel eyes threw over his whole countenance a halo of intellectual sunshine. As he walked up the aisle, the fond mother looked round with an air of admiration as much as to say, "see you not my noble boy? why do you not rejoice with me?" But there was no occasion for it, if such were her thoughts, for wherever he came in view, he was the observed of the observers. Nor was his exterior the better part of him; his heart was nobler and his soul was large enough to take in all mankind. I had frequent opportunities of seeing him during the next week, and still he seemed unchanged. But my heart bleeds while I tell it—in the early part of the second week he was seen standing at the corners of the streets, smoking and talking with some of his shipmates. The day on which they received their wages, sailor-like, they all assembled in a rum-shop, to take a parting-glass. The glass was fatal to William.—Each treated in his turn, and ere they separated, they were nearly all intoxicated. William was one of those proud-spirits who at times are possessed of considerable firmness, and believe that they can abstain from the use of liquor by the free action of their own will, rather than be tied down to a pledge. The first debauch had diseased his appetite, his self-possession had left him, and more rum was required to quench his burning thirst. Need I tell you that before Saturday he was a confirmed drunkard reeling about the streets, and wallowing in the gutter. At last nature gave way, and he was carried to his mother's dwelling, drunk and insensible—that dwelling which but a fortnight before, his presence had rendered the scene of so much happiness. I called to see him and there he lay, extended on a mattress, his once glossy locks clotted with mud, and his mantly face smeared with sun-dried gore. And there, too, by his pillow, sat his disconsolate mother, bathing his fevered temple with vinegar, and weeping as if her heart would break. I endeavored to soothe her, but she was like Rachel, weeping for her children, refusing to be comforted. When he heard my voice, he raised his head, and in a rough savage voice, demanded of his mother, more rum. "Rum!" he exclaimed, "rum I want—curse you! give me some rum and stop your foolish prating." Here Mr Taylor threw his arms upwards and gazing in the same direction, as if his whole soul was in his eyes, raised his voice and continued—"curse his mother!"—Holy God! shut the windows of Heaven down, and let not the sound go up—he curses his mother! Rum, brethren, rum did this for the noblest of God's creatures!

Here Mr T. paused, but such was the interest which the narrative excited, that several voices inquired, "what became of him? what did he do?" "He did," resumed Mr T., "what I want you all to do to-night—when he recovered he signed the pledge, and now commands a vessel out of this port, and his mother is still with us singing glory to God." He sat down, and when all was quiet, a gentlemanly man rose up, and after surveying the audience a moment and wiping the perspiration from his forehead, said, "I am the man!" and resumed his seat. (N. E. Wash.)

A Card.

REV. E. NOYES, who has for some months past been teaching Hebrew in this city, is about to form a new class in the study of this interesting language.—Mr. N. pledges himself to teach the principles of the language, so that the student will no longer need the aid of a teacher, in two months time. Those who would like to enter the Class, are invited to call upon him as soon as may be convenient at

No. 33 MYRTLE STREET.

Mar. 20.

SHEET MUSIC AND PIANO FORTES

CONSTANTLY for sale by Oliver Ditson, 125 Washington st.

17.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT

PICTURE GALLERY

Scenes and Descriptions by the
Old Schoolmaster.



GEN. HARRISON.

Here is a cut of Gen. William Henry Harrison, one of the Presidents of the United States. He was placed on the highest pinnacle of honor by the people of this great country, and in a few short weeks was taken away by the hand of death into the unseen world. A large procession followed him to the grave, the resting-place of the high and low—rich and poor. We believe that he was a worthy member of a christian church, hence we suppose that he has made a happy exchange of worlds.—When death approaches, there is no excuse that will avail.

Nor is it the old only that die. A few days since, a little girl in the west part of the city, ran up stairs and went out on the roof of the house where they hung out clothes, and where she little thought death was so near, slipped from the eaves and fell past three stories down on the brick pavement. Her own mother was the first to discover her dreadful situation. By her shrieks the neighbors were drawn to the spot. The poor little thing lingered on the shores of time a few hours, when death executed his commission and took her away.

Let us now learn two things; First, to become good, by giving our hearts to the Savior and by keeping his commandments. This is the stepping stone to the Second, a useful and active life. Sure it is, that if we are not really good, we can never become truly great. If we are good, we shall be prepared for all events.



Here is a Bell. It looks like the old bell on the Academy where the old schoolmaster went to school. It called him up at 5 o'clock in the morning, and rung at 9 in the evening for the end of study hours.

There is some music in the bell. It gives out the fundamental sounds of harmony,—1, 3, 5 and 8, of the scale. The vibrations of which are to each other as the harmonics of the Scale. The other sounds, 2, 4, 6 and 7 have their places according to mathematical laws, where their vibrations are most in harmony with the harmonics, or primitive sounds; and are called the interpolated sounds of the Scale. Some teachers of music are so ignorant as to say that they don't know any more about the reason of the situation of the sounds of the Scale than they do why one tree bears white apples and another red. In the "VOCAL SCHOOL" an ample explanation of the subject may be found.

But the bell; Bells differ in size from a few ounces to several tons in weight, and they are also different in shape and in their uses. You find bells on Meeting-houses, Academies, Public-houses, Steamboats, Rail-road engines, and in many other places. The colored boy on board the Steamboat rings his bell and says, "All those gemman and ladies who have not paid their fare, will please call at the Captains Office and settle."

The Crier rings his bell in the street and describes a child lost, notifies a Meeting, a Concert, an Auction, &c. The scissor grinder in the street has a little bell which goes dingle, dingle, dingle, i. e., any scissors, razors and knives to grind, dingle, dingle, dingle. The boy at the door of the Omnibus rings his bell, ding, ding, ding, i. e., you want to ride, sir!—you want to ride!—or else it tells the driver to stop and let Mr and Mrs. —, get out. The boys and girls in the country get out the old pony, and when harnessed up with a great string of bells, off they go, gin-it-e-ging, ging-it-e-ging. And when the old horse waits too long at the door for the singing-school to close, he strikes up a "shake," and rattles away the bells like a shower of walnuts on a drum-head.

No scene is more interesting to good beings on earth, than on a summer's morning when the birds tune up their lively notes,—the old and young are soon hastening their steps to the church-going bell.

"The bell doth toll, its echoes roll,
I know the sound full well."

"Welcome sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise."

Let the old Schoolmaster renew his expression of regard for you young friends. Prepare to meet him where the soul thrilling symphonies of a better world, rebound from arch to arch, throughout the mansions on high—the home of the blessed.

SINGING BOOKS,

OF ALL KINDS ARE FURNISHED AT THE

MUSICAL VISITOR OFFICE,

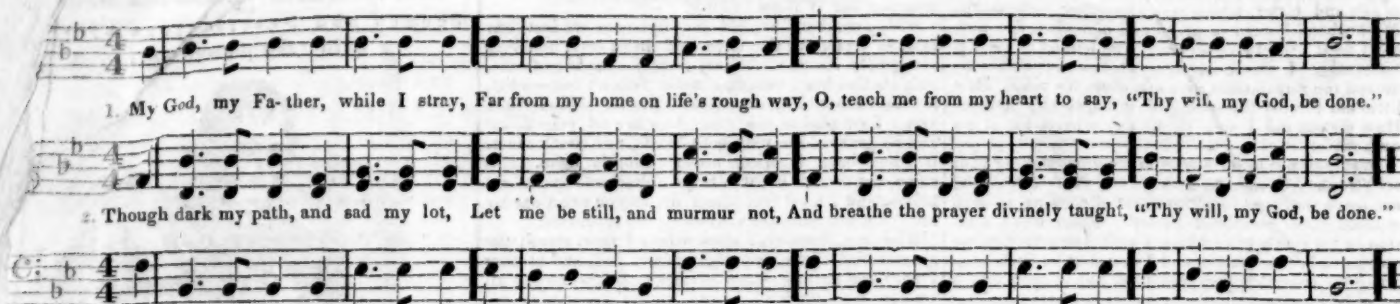
No. 8, Court Square, BOSTON, MASS.

At the Lowest Prices!!

Rough Way.

[FOR THE JOURNAL OF MUSIC. Original.]

8s & 6s.



3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh;
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will, my God, be done."

4 If thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize.—it ne'er was mine,—
I only yield thee what is thine;
"Thy will, my God, be done."

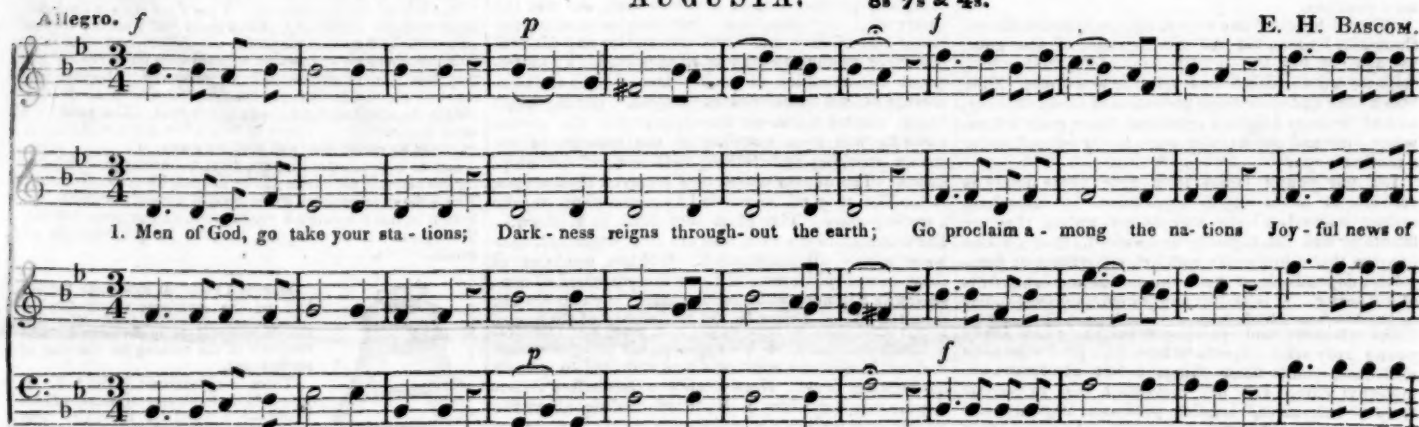
5 Should pining sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
In life or death teach me to say,
"Thy will, my God, be done."

6 Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
What e'er now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will, my God, be done."

AUGUSTA.

8s 7s & 4s.

E. H. BASCOM.



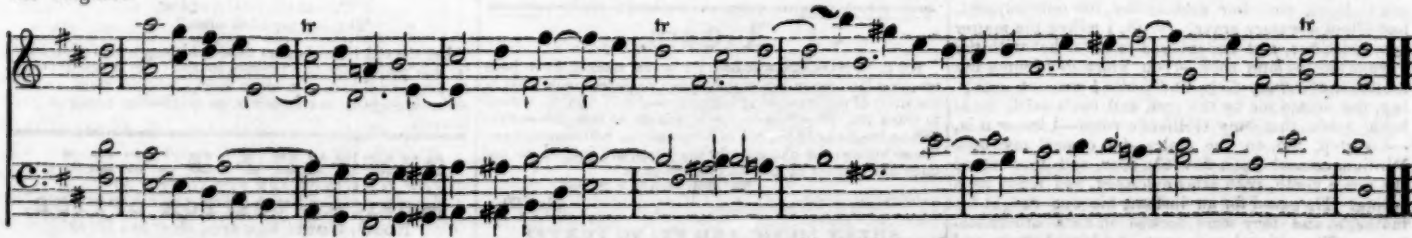
2 Of his Gospel not ashamed,
As "the power of God to save."
Go where Christ was never named,
Publish freedom to the slave—
Blessed freedom!
Such as Zion's children have.

3 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will his own defend;
Borne afar 'mid foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your Friend;
And his presence
Shall be with you to the end.

NO. 1.

INTERLUDE,

For those who cannot make their own, which we doubtless have as much right to publish, without the real name accompanying, as any other has to mix in a little Milk-and-Water with productions of other men's brains, just over the water, and attach his own, and palm it off for original.



SABBATH SCHOOL SCENE.—A Dialogue.

[FOR THE JOURNAL OF MUSIC.]

—Just before School opens.—



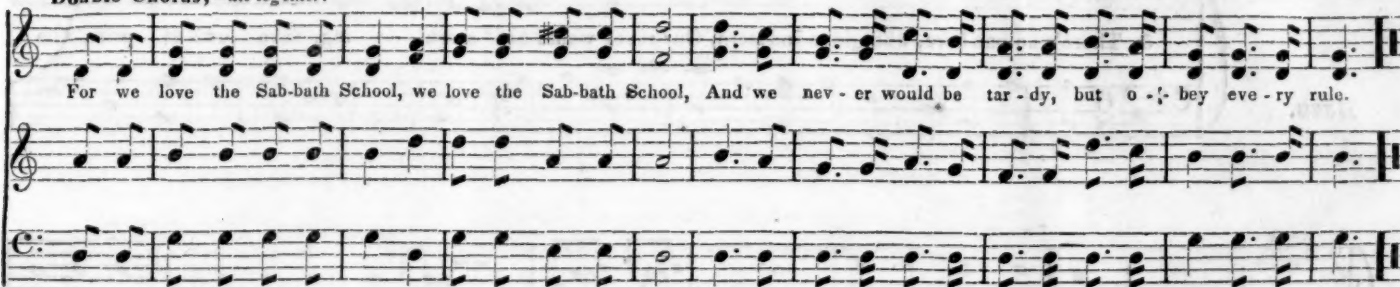
1. T. Good morning, Henry Jenkins, you're early at the school, I'm glad you've not forgotten to attend to the rule. H. O no, my dearest teacher, I have often heard you

Solo Chorus.



say, That I always must rise early on the Lord's holy day. For I love the Sabbath School, I love the Sabbath School, And I never would be tardy, but obey every rule.

Double Chorus;—all together.



For we love the Sab-bath School, we love the Sab-bath School, And we nev - er would be tar - dy, but o - bey eve - ry rule.

2.

T. But where is Joseph Atwood, has he gone out of town?

H. O no, you soon will see him, he has only gone down

To Bridge street, for a scholar whom he found the other day,

On the Common with some other boys, who drove him away, &c.

3.

[Joseph Enters with James Tibets, the new Scholar.]

T. Good morning, Joseph Atwood; and who is this with you?

J.T. James Tibets, sir, the tailor's son. T. O, James how do you do?

J.T. Quite well—T. And would you like to come to our Sunday School?

J.T. Yes sir, and I surely hope that I shall mind every rule, &c.

4.

T. Well, Joseph, you've done well, and I'm glad to see James here,

Be punctual and steady, and be fervent in prayer.

Both. So truly we will do, till we meet among the blest,

Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. &c.

5.

[Three others come in talking.]

T. Here's William, John and Charley, just here in time to sing,

Come take your seats, be silent boys, for soon the bell will ring

Now who has got the lesson?

All answer. I. T. How many verses more?

Henry. Eight, sir.

Joseph. Nine, sir.

James. Thirteen.

William. Fourteen.

John. Fifteen.

Charley. I have got, sir, just a score. &c.

6.

W. J. & C. We've found six other boys, sir, enough to make a class.

U. We've sought in vain for teachers, boys;

[Boys.] Alas for them, alas!

H. What time? T. 'Tis nine. J. I hear the bell.

[All.] Then let us all repair

To our seats, and there unite and sing, and join

in the prayer. &c. [Bell rings.]

H. W. D.

Advertisements.

EDWARD HARPER.

PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURER,

of
IRON AND WOOD FRAMES,
NO. 84 COURT STREET,

PIANO-FORTES }
TO LET. }

BOSTON.

Music for Teachers, Schools, and Choirs.
HASTINGS AND BRADBURY'S COLLECTION, New York Book.
Vocal School, by H. W. Day.
GLEES for the Million. By I. B. Woodbury.
DAVID'S HARP for small Choirs and Sabbath Schools. By H. W. Day.

CONFERENCE HYMNS.

REVIVAL HYMNS. By H. W. Day, Nos. 1 and 2.
For Sale at No. 8 Court Square, Boston, and by the Booksellers generally.

GLEES for the million are ready and selling, neatly got out on stout paper, 24 pages of the finest glees, most of which are new in this country. Orders directed to H. W. Day, Boston, promptly attended to. \$1.50 cts. per dozen.

T. GILBERT & CO.

PIANO Forte Manufacturers at old stand, 402 and 406 Washington Street, Boston.
{ T. GILBERT, Original partner of Currier,
{ H. SAFFORD.

JAMES MANN, TAXIDERMIST, and Dealer in Foreign and Native Singing Birds,

No. 22 1-2 WATER STREET;
(Opposite the Office of the Boston Post.) BOSTON.

BIRDS, QUADRUPEDS, &c., PRESERVED in a Superior manner, in all their Pristine Beauty Satisfaction Warranted.
American & European Singing, Birds, Cages, &c.

Music and Musical Instruments.

B. A. BURDITT, Composer and Arranger of Military Music, and Instructor of Military Bands.

ENGRAVING.

W. B. EMERY,
NO. 81 WASHINGTON STREET,
(Joy's Building.)

Would inform all who wish anything in his line, that he will accomplish any of the following items at short notice:—

[Invitation, Visiting, Business, Professional, and Marriage CARDS.

Maps, Charts, Diplomas, Bill-heads, &c., Engraved or Printed.

ALSO,
Plate-Printing generally:—

Seals, Stencils, Music-Titles, Wood-Engraving, Door-plates, Coffin-plates, &c., in the best style, on reasonable terms. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Joy's Building, 81 Washington Street.

EMPLOYMENT.

SEVERAL suitable young men are wanted as agents for this paper, and will be paid if desired, by the month, during the summer. They will have need to call at our office, No. 8 Court Square.

Printing and Stereotyping.

Almost every variety of

JOB AND CARD PRINTING,

MUSIC STEREOTYPING

& BOOK WORK,

Done at the Office of the Journal of Music,

On as Low Terms as elsewhere, and in execution

inferior to none.

[DAVID'S HARP, a new and beautiful edition just out of press. This is the most popular Sabbath School Singing Book, ever published in the country. We recommend it to all teachers and Superintendents. [For Sale at the Book Stores.

1st. PREMIUM DAGUERREOTYPES.

PLUMBES DAGUERRIAN GALLERIES OF PATENT PREMIUM COLORED PHOTOGRAPHS,
No. 75 COURT STREET, BOSTON.

251 Broadway, N. York. 136 Chesnut Street, Philadelphia.
122 Baltimore street, Baltimore. Broadway, Saratoga

Springs, Du Buquie, Iowa, and Douw's Buildings, Albany.
These Portraits have been awarded the First Premium, and highest honor by the AMERICAN AND FRANKLIN INSTITUTES respectively, at their exhibitions, and the MEDAL, at the great Boston FAIR, (1844,) for the most beautiful colored Daguerreotypes ever produced; thus officially sustained in the position of superiority heretofore universally assigned them by the public.

Constituting the oldest and most extensive establishment of the kind in the world, and containing upwards of a thousand pictures. Admittance free.

[Likenesses are taken every day, without regard to weather.

Just published, and for sale as above, a spirited and most striking Lithograph of the Hon. T. Frelinghuysen, from a Photograph by Plumbes.

Plumbes's Premium Apparatus (being a decided improvement upon Prof. Petzval's German Cameras) and Rights, Plates, Cases, Chemicals, &c., wholesale and retail.

DAGUERREOTYPE.

C. E. HALE invites the public attention to the splendid colored miniatures recently executed at his studio,

No. 109 Washington St.

By the aid of new chemical agents most splendid results are obtained; and multitudes, are being delighted daily, at the astonishing perfection, to which, in point of delineation, boldness, and unerring truthfulness this art has so suddenly attained.

In an instant, as it were, upon the shining silver surface, is portrayed, the laughing countenance of joyous youth, with all its expressive sweetness and ruddy freshness. From the most aged to the veriest child, it is equally applicable as the unerring delineator of life. Delay not then, as opportunity shall present, to secure 1, 3, or 6 of these mementos of life, which, under the trying circumstances of finally separating friends, no price can purchase.

Apparatus of the most approved construction, together with stock of first quality, and instruction furnished to order.

PIANO FORTES TO LET

BY

OLIVER DITSON,

135 Washington st.

MAY DAY.—CHORUS.

NEITHART.

Allegretto. *f*

Soprano. 1. The sun al-read-y from the skies, A-bove the bel-fry gleam - - ing, Leaps in at ma-ny a

Alto. 2. The Hall must lay its gran-deur by, The hamlet cease its la - - bor, As squire and hind a -

Tenor. 3. There's no one here, who grave and stern, Our revel would be scorn - - ing, Save owl-et prim, who

Bass.

pp

maid-en's eyes, And laughs her from her dream - - - - - ing. The wind, that all the night was low, A-

gree to try The worth of pipes and ta - - - - - bor. E'en help-less age in el-bow chair, Sits

needs must turn, From mirth, and song, and morn - - - - - ing. The more the cares our hearts have known, The

Un poco Rall. *f* *Presto.*

mong the chestnuts on the brow, Be-gins to ca-rol gay, Be-gins to ca-rol gay, And mer-ri-ly seems to say - - -

by and nods his thin grey hair, To hear the mu-sic play, To hear the mu-sic play, And merrily loves to say, Ye

fit-ter tis we lay them down, When Spring-time points the way, When Spring-time points the way. Then merrily while we may, Let

ff

boys and girls who love the spring, Troop out, troop out to dance and sing. Ye should not be so slow on glad May day.

nimblest dan-cer on the green, Is far less brisk than he has been, When he the sport did share, of glad May day.

all who love to dance and sing, Go round and round in blithesome ring, And make at least your own, one glad May day.